

# POEM UPON THE PRENTICES FEAST AT MERCHANT-TAYLORS-Hall.

The busie Town grew still, and City Fops  
Had bid adieu to melancholly Shops,  
Had left their lonesome Cells, and did repair  
to Drink, to Whore, to Feast or take the air,  
I knew not which; but being young I follow'd  
The shouting croud, and most devoutly hollow'd.  
At length arrived at a place they call  
The Cockscombs Court, or Merchant-Taylors-Hall,  
Where the starv'd Prentices kept Carnival.  
I enter'd; where in most prodigious sort  
Tables were placed al-a-mode at Court,  
I saw a Monster as I entred in  
(At first I took him for a rowling-Pin)  
Till bowing with a grave majestick grace  
Drew up his chaps; and said Sir take your place;  
And so I did; for at a Loyal dinner  
There is no difference 'twixt Saint and Sinner:  
In one place sat an hungry Irish Teague  
And in another a fly cunning Whigg;  
In drouzie murmurs echo'd round the Hall  
The different voices of 'the Festival':  
At length the young shop Beagles enter'd in  
And made a most confused hideous din;  
They yelp and bawl upon the hunting strain  
As if they meant to kill the Bucks again,  
Till monumental Party did arise  
Which stopt their tongues and feasted all their eyes.

The

The sharp set Prentices could scarce forbear  
While Dr. Capse did say a puny Prayer,  
Which he made hast to doe : but kept his eye  
Divinely fixt upon a pudding Pie,  
Least some base sneaking Rascal should convey  
The Schollers well beloved Pie away.

He having said, they all did cease from prating,  
Left speaking nonsense and all fell to eating,  
One cry'd God save the King ! Lips up a Pie,  
But trayterous Steam did put out every Eye.  
And then he damns the Cook, and calls him Sot  
To serve a Pasty up that was so hot.

Another gently tastes, and then he swore

In all his life he ne're eat Buck before ;

Another His long silence gan to break,  
But's mouth was fill'd so full he could not speak ;

A fourth (whom they deeth'd to be i' th right)

Declar'd twas better for to eat then fight.

At length their hungry paunches being full,

With fill'd tip Glasses, and with empty scull

Bending their marrow-bones unto the ground,

With hoarse huzza's the Loyal Health went round.

How many converts Wine and Age do make ?

When forc'd the earthly Region to forsake,

The aged funers whine in pious tone ;

So every Drunkard is a Loyal Drone.

I (who as loyal am, as tite, as true,

As any of the Drunken Tory crew)

Of all the modern Healths ne're drank but this

The best, the Loyallest, his Majesties.

But now was forc'd to drink all Healths of Fame.

A Catalogue, alas ! too hard to name ;

for which base fact, I'm make a fallen star

In every Presbyterian Callender,

But if they call me sot and fool, and say,

I was a Rogue ; it was but for alshay,

I drank a Papist Health, and since stye as so

I had a mental reservation too,

I in deceit to some a fool did show,

Tories to all are naturally sot and sot,

Free from the Peoples censoring and disdain,

I've cast my Tories skin, and now am Whigg again.

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